ST. PATRICK'S DAY:

OR, THE

SCHEMING LIEUTENANT.

A FARCE,

As Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

By Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

DUBLIN.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Lieutenant O'Connor, ... *Mr. Jones.*

Doctor Rosy, ... *Mr. W. Farren.*

Justice Credulous, ... *Mr. Liston.*

Serjeant Trounce, ...

Corporal Flint, ...

Lauretta, ... *Miss Foote.*

Mrs. Bridget Credulous, ... *Mrs. Davenport.*

BODLEIAN
1 AUG 1962

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Trounce, Flint, *and Four* Soldiers.

1 *Sol.* I say you are wrong, we should all speak together, each for himself, and all at once, that we may be heard the better.

2*d. Sol.* Right Jack, we'll argue in Platoons.

3*d. Sol.* Ay, ay, let him have our grievances in a volley, and if we be to have a spokesman, there's the Corporal is the Lieutenant's countryman, and knows his humour.

Cor. Let me alone for that, I serv'd three years within a bit, under his honour, in the Royal Inniskillions, and I never will see a sweeter tempered gentleman, nor one more free with his purse. I put a great shamrock in his hat this morning, and I'll be bound for him, he'll wear it, was it as big as Steven's green.

4*th. Sol.* I say again then you talk like youngsters, like Militia striplings, there's a discipline, look'ee, in all things, whereof the serjeant must be our guide, he's a gentleman of words, he understands your foreign lingo, your figures, and such like auxiliaries in scoring. Confess now for a reckoning, whether in chalk or writing, ben't he your only man.

Cor. Why the serjeant is a scholar to be sure, and has the gift of reading.

Ser. Good soldiers, and fellow-gentlemen, if you make me your spokesman, you will shew the more judgement, and let me alone for the argument. I'll be as loud as a drum, and point blank from the purpose.

All. Agreed, agreed.

Cor. O Fait! here comes the Lieutenant, now Serjeant.

Ser. So then, to order.—Put on your mutiny looks, every man grumble a little to himself, and some of you hum the deserter's march.

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieut. Well, honest lads, what is it you have to complain of.

Sol. Ahem! hem!

Ser. So please your honour, the very grievance of the matter is this:—ever since your honour differed with Justice Credulous our inn-keepers use us most scurvily. By my halbert, their treatment is such, that if your spirit was willing to put up with it, flesh and blood could by no means agree, so we humbly petition, that your honour would make an end of the matter at once, by running away with the Justice's daughter, or else get us fresh quarters, hem! hem!

Lieu. Indeed! pray which of the houses use you ill?

1st. Sol. There's the Red Lion an't half the civility of the old Red Lion.

2d. Sol. There's the White Horse, if he was'n't case hardened, ought to be ashamed to shew his face.

Lieu. Very well, the Horse and the Lion shall answer for it, at the quarter sessions.

Ser. The two Magpies are civil enough, but the Angel uses us like devils, and the Rising Sun refuses us light to go to bed by.

Lieu. Then upon my word, I'll have the Rising Sun put down, and the Angel shall give security for his good behaviour, but are you sure you do nothing to quit scores with them.

Cor. Nothing at all your honour, unless now and then we happen to fling a cartridge into the kitchen fire, or put a spatterdash or so into the soup, and sometimes Ned drums up and down stairs a little of a night.

Lieu. Oh all that's fair, but hark'ee lads, I must have no grumbling on St. Patrick's day, so here, take this, and divide it amongst you. But observe me now, show yourselves men of spirit, and don't spend sixpence of it in drink.

Ser. Nay, hang it your honour, soldiers should never bear malice, we must drink St. Patrick's and your honour's health.

All. Oh damn malice. St. Patrick's and his honour by all means.

Cor. Come away then lads, and first we'll parade round the Market Cross, for the honour of king George.

1*st. Sol.* Thank your honour. Come along, St. Patrick, his honour, and strong beer for Ever.

[*Exit* Soldiers.

Lieu. Get along you thoughtless vagabonds, yet upon my conscience, 'tis very hard these poor fellows should scarcely have bread, from the soil they would die to defend.

Enter Doctor Rosy.

Ah, my little Doctor Rosy, my galen a-bridge, what's the news?

Doc. All things are as they were, my Alexander, the Justice is as violent as ever, I felt his pulse on the matter again, and thinking his rage began to intermit, I wanted to throw in the balm of good advice, but it would not do. He says you and your cut-throats have a plot upon his life, and swears he had rather see his daughter in a scarlet fever, than in the arms of a soldier.

Lieu. Upon my word the army is very much obliged to him; well then, I must marry the girl first, and ask his consent afterwards.

Doc. So then, the case of her fortune is desperate, hey?

Lieu. Oh hang fortune, let that take its chance, there is a beauty in Lauretta's simplicity, so pure a bloom upon her charms.

Doc. So there is, so there is. You are for beauty as nature made her, hey! No artificial graces, no cosmetic varnish, no beauty in grain, hey!

Lieu. Upon my word Doctor, you are right, the London ladies were always too handsome for me; then they are so defended, such a circumvallation of hoop, with a breast-work of whalebone, that would turn a pistol-bullet, much less Cupid's arrows, then turret on turret on top, with stores of concealed weapons under pretence of black pins, and above all, a standard of feathers, that would do honour to a knight of the Bath. Upon my conscience I could as soon embrace an Amazon, arm'd at all points.

Doc. Right, right my Alexander—my taste to a tittle.

Lieu. Then Doctor, though I admire modesty in women, I like to see their faces. I am for the changeable rose, but with one of these quality amazons, if their midnight dissipations had left them blood enough to raise a blush, they have not room enough in their cheeks to shew it,—To be sure, bashfulness is a very pretty thing, but in my mind, there is nothing on earth so impudent as an everlasting blush.

Doc. My taste, my taste—Well Lauretta is none of these—Ah! I never see her, but she puts me in mind of my poor dear wife.

Lieu. Ay faith, in my opinion, she can't do a worse thing. Now he is going to bother me about an old hag that has been dead these six years. [*aside.*

Doc. Oh poor Dolly! I never shall see her like again, such an arm for a bandage, veins that seem'd to invite the lancet. Then her skin, smooth and white as a gallipot, her mouth as round and not larger than the mouth of a penny phial. Her lips conserve of roses—and then her teeth—none of your sturdy fixtures—ache a, they would, it was but a small pull and out they came. I believe I have drawn half a-score of her poor dear pearls. *(weeps.)* but what avails her beauty. Death has no consideration.—one must die as well as another,

Lieu. Oh, if he begins to moralize. *(takes out his snuff-box.)*

Doc. Fair and ugly, crooked or straight, rich or poor, flesh as grass flowers fade!

Lieu. Here Doctor, take a pinch, and keep up your spirits.

Doc. True, true my friend, grief can't mend the matter, all's for the best, but such a woman was a great loss, Lieutenant.

Lieu. To be sure, for doubtless she had mental accomplishments equal to her beauty.

Doc. Mental accomplishments! she would have stuffed an alligator, or pickled a lizard with any apothecaries wife in the kingdom. Why, she could decypher a prescription, and invent the ingredients, almost as well

as myself; then she was such a hand at making foreign waters for Setzer, Pyrmont, Islington, or Chalybeate she never had her equal, and her Bath and Bristo springs exceeded the originals—Ah, poor Dolly! she fell a martyr to her own discoveries.

Lieut. How so, pray?

Doc. Poor soul, her illness was occasioned by her zeal in trying an improvement on the Spa-water, by an infusion of rum and acid.

Lieu. Ay, ay, spirits never agree with water drinkers.

Doc. No, no, you mistake. Rum agreed with her well enough, it was not the rum that killed the poor dear creature, for she died of a dropsy. Well, she is gone never to return, and has left no pledge of our loves behind. No little babe, to hang like a label round papa's neck: well, well, we are all mortal, sooner or later flesh is grass—flowers fade.

Lieu. O, the devil again!

Doc. Life's a shadow, the world a stage,—we strut an hour.

Lieu. Here Doctor. [*Offers snuff.*

Doc. True, true my friend—well, high grief can't cure it. All's for the best, hey! my little Alexander.

Lieu. Right, right, an apothecary should never be out of spirits. But come, faith, 'tis time honest Humphrey should wait on the justice, that must be our first scheme.

Doc. True, true, you should be ready, the clothes are at my house and I have given you such a character, that he is impatient to have you; he swears you shall be his body guard. Well I honour the army, or I should never do so much to serve you.

Lieu. Indeed I am bound to you for ever Doctor, and when once I'm possessed of my dear Lauretta, I will endeavour to make work for you as fast as possible.

Doc. Now you put me in mind of my poor wife again.

Lieu. Ah, pray forget her a little, we shall be too late.

Doc. Poor Dolly.

Lieu. 'Tis past twelve.
Doc. Inhuman dropsy.
Lieu. The Justice will wait.
Doc. Cropt in her prime.
Lieu. For heaven's sake come.
Doc. Well, flesh is grass.
Lieu. O the devil!
Doc. We must all die.
Lieu. Doctor.
Doc. Kings, Lords, and common Whores—

[*Forces him off.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lauretta *and* Bridget.

Lau. I repeat it again mama, officers are the prettiest men in the world, and Lieutenant O'Connor is the prettiest officer I ever saw.

Bri. For shame Laura, how can you talk so,—or if you must have a military man, there's Lieutenant Plow, or Captain Haycock, or Major Dray the Brewer; are all your admirers, and though they are peaceable good, kind of men, they have as large cockades, and become scarlet as well as the fighting folks.

Lau. Psha! you know mama I hate militia officers, a set of dunghill cocks, with spurs on heroes scratch'd off a church door. Clowns in military masquerade, wearing the dress without supporting the character. No, give me the bold upright youth, who makes love to day and his head shot off to-morrow. Dear to think how the sweet fellows sleep on the ground, and fight in silk stockings and lace ruffles.

Bri. Oh barbarous! to want a husband that may wed you to-day and be sent the Lord knows where before night; then in a twelve month perhaps to have him come like a Colossus with one leg at New York, and the other at Chelsea Hospital.

Lau. Then I'll be his crutch mama.

Bri. No, give me a husband that knows where his limbs are, though he want the use of them—and if he

should take you with him—to sleep in a baggage cart, and stroll about the camp like a gipsey, with a knapsack and two children at your back—then by way of entertainment in the evening to make a party with the Serjeants wife, to drink bohea tea and play at all fours on a drumhead, 'tis a precious life to be sure.

Lau. Nay mama you shou'd'nt be against my Lieutenant for I heard him say you were the best natured and best looking woman in the world.

Bri. Why child, I never said but. that Lieutenant O' Conner, was a very well-bred and discerning young man 'tis your papa is so violent against him.

Lau, Why cousin Sophy married an officer.

Bri. Ay, Laury, an officer in the militia.

Lau. No indeed, mama, a marching regiment.

Bri. No child, I tell you he was a Major of Militia.

Lau. Indeed mama it was'nt.

Enter Justice.

Jus. Bridget my love, I have had a message.

Lau. It was Cousin Sophy told me so.

Jus. I have had a message, love—

Bri. No child, she would say no such thing.

Jus. A message, I say.

Lau. How could he be in the militia, when he was ordered abroad.

Bri. Ay, girl, hold your tongue—well my dear.

Jus. I have had a message from Doctor Rosy.

Bri. He ordered abroad! He went abroad for his health.

Jus. Why, Bridget.

Bri. Well, deary—Now hold your tongue, miss.

Jus. A message from Dr. Rosy, and Doctor Rosy says——

Lau. I'm sure mama his regimentals—

Jus. Damn his regimentals—Why don't you listen?

Bri. Ay girl, how durst you interrupt your papa?

Lau. Well papa.

Jus. Doctor Rosy says he'll bring—

Lau. Were blue turn'd up with red, mama.

Jus. Laury—says he will bring the young man.

Bri. Red! ye'low if you please, miss.

Jus. Bridget— the young man that is to be hired—

Bri. Besides miss, it is very unbecoming in you to want to have the last word with your mama, you should know—

Jus. Why zounds! will you hear me or no?

Bri. I am listening my love—I am listening—But what signifies my silence, what good is my not speaking a word, if this girl will interrupt and let nobody speak but herself—Ay, I don't wonder my life, at your impatience, your poor dear lips quiver to speak, but I suppose she'll run on and not let you put in a word—you may very well be angry, there is nothing sure so provoking, as a chattering, talking—

Lau. Nay, I'm sure mama it is you will not let papa speak now.

Bri. Why, you little provoking minx—

Jus. Get out of the room directly, both of you, get out.

Bri. Ay, go girl.

Jus. Go Bridget, you are worse than she, you old hag, I wish you were both up to the neck in the canal to argue there till I took you out.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Doctor Rosy, sir.

Jus. Shew him up. [*Exit* Servant.

Lau. Then you own mama, it was a marching regimen.

Bri. You're an obstinate fool, I tell you, for if that had been the case—

Jus. You won't go.

Bri. We are going, Mr. Surly—If that had been the case, I say, how could—

Lau. Nay, mama, one proof.

Bri. How could major—

Lau. And a full proof. [Justice *drives them off.*

Jus. There they go, ding-dong in for the day. Good lack, a fluent tongue is the only thing a mother don't like her daughter to resemble her in.

Enter Doctor Rosy.

Well Doctor, where's the lad, where's trusty?

Doc. At hand, he'll be here in a minute, I'll answer for't; he's such a one as you ain't met with, brave as a lion, gentle as a saline draught.

Jus. Ah, he comes in the place of a rogue, a dog that was corrupted by the Lieutenant. But this is a sturdy fellow, is he doctor?

Doc. As Hercules, and the best back sword in the country. Egad he'll make the red-coats keep their distance.

Jus. O the villains! this is St. Patrick's Day, and the rascals have been parading my house all the morning. I know they have a design upon me, but I have taken all precautions, I have magazines of arms, and if this fellow does but prove faithful, I shall be more at ease.

Doc. Doubtless he'll be a comfort to you.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There is a man below, sir, enquires for Doctor Rosy.

Doc. Show him up.

Jus. Hold, a little caution, how does he look?

Serv. A country looking fellow, your worship.

Jus. O, well well, for Doctor Rosy, these rascals try all ways to get in here.

Serv. Yes please your worship, there was one here this morning wanted to speak to you, he said his name was Corporal Breakbones.

Jus. Corporal Breakbones!

Serv. And drummer Crackskull came again.

Jus. Ay! did you ever hear of such a damn'd confounded crew. Well, shew the lad in here! [*Exit Ser.*

Doc. Ay, he'll be your porter, he'll give the rogues an answer.

Enter Lieutenant *disguised as* Humphrey.

Jus. So a tall—Faacks! what has lost an eye!

Doc. Only a bruise he got in taking seven or eight highwaymen.

Jus. He has a damned wicked leer somehow with the other.

Doc. O no, he's bashful—a sheepish look—

Jus. Well my lad, what's your name?

Lieu. Humphrey Hum—

Jus. Hum—I don't like Hum!

Lieu. But I be mostly call'd honest Humphrey—

Doc. There, I told you so, of noted Honesty.

Jus. Well honest Humphrey, the Doctor has told you my terms, and you are willing to serve, hey!

Lieu. And please your worship, I shall be well content.

Jus. Well then, hark'ye honest Humphrey, you are sure now you will never be a rogue—never take a bribe, hey, honest Humphrey.

Lieu. A bribe! what's that?

Jus. A very ignorant fellow indeed.

Doc. His worship hopes you will never part with your honesty for money.

Lieu. Noa, noa.

Jus. Well said Humphrey—my chief business with you is to watch the motions of a rake-helly fellow here, one Lieutenant O'Connor.

Doc. Aye, you don't value the soldiers, do you Humphrey?

Lieu. Not I, they are but zwaggerers, and you'll see they'll be as much afraid of me, as they wou'd of their captain.

Jus. And l'faith Humphrey, you have a pretty cudgel there!

Lieu. Aye, the zwitch is better than nothing, but I should be glad of a stouter, ha' you got such a thing in the house as an old coach-pole, or a spare bed-post.

Jus. Oons! what a dragon it is—well, Humphrey, come with me, I'll just show him to Bridget, Doctor, and we'll agree, come along honest Humphrey. [*Exit.*

Lieu. My dear Doctor, now remember to bring the Justice presently to the walk, I have a scheme to get into his confidence at once.

Doc. I will, I will.

[*Shakes hands, Justice enters and sees them.*

Jus. Why honest Humphrey, hey! what the devil are you at?

Doc. I was just giving him a little advice—well I must go for the present—good morning to your worship —you need not fear the Lieutenant, while he is in your house.

Jus. Well, get in Humphrey—good morning to you Doctor. (*Exit* Doctor.) Come along Humphrey. Now I think I am a match for the Lieutenant and all his gang. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Trounce, Drummer *and Soldiers.*

Ser. Come, silence your drum—there is no valour stirring to-day—I thought St. Patrick would have given us a recruit or two to-day,

Sol. Mark, Serjeant.

Enter two Countrymen.

Ser. Oh! these are the lads I was looking for, they have the looks of gentlemen. A'n't you single my lads.

1*st. Coun.* Yes, an please you, I be quite single, my relations be all dead, thank heavens more or less. I have but one poor mother left in the world, and she's an helpless woman.

Ser. Indeed! a very extraordinary case—quite your own master then—the fitter to serve his Majesty—Can you read?

1*st. Coun.* Noa, I was always too lively to take to learning but John here, is main clever at it.

Ser. So, what, you're a scholar friend.

2*d. Coun.* I was born so, measter. Feyther kept grammer school.

Ser. Lucky man, in a campaign or two put yourself down chaplain to the regiment. And I warrant, you have read of warriors and heroes.

2*d. Coun.* Yes that I have, I have read of Jack the Giant killer, and the Drogon of Wantly, and the—noa, I believe that's all in the hero way, except once about a comet.

Ser. Wonderful knowledge! well my heroes, I write

word to the King of your good intentions, and meet me half an hour hence, at the two Magpies.

Coun. We will, your honour, we will.

Ser. But stay, for fear I shou'dn't see you again in the croud, clap these little bits of ribbon into your hats.

1*st. Coun.* Our hats are none of the best.

Ser. Well, meet me at the Magpies, and I'll give you money to buy new ones.

Coun. Bless your honour, thank your honour. [*Exit*

Ser. (Winking at Sol) Jack. [*Exit* Soldiers.

Enter Lieutenant.

So, here comes one would make a grenadier, stop, friend, will you list ?

Lieu. Who shall I serve under ?

Ser. Under me to be sure.

Lieu Isn't Lieutenant O'Connor your officer ?

Ser. He is, and I am Commander over him.

Lieu. What ! be your Serjeants greater than your Captains ?

Ser. To be sure we are, 'tis our business to keep them in order. For instance now, the General writes to me, dear Serjeant, or dear Trounce, or dear Serjeant Trounce, according to his hurry, if your Lieutenant does not demean himself accordingly, let me know.

Yours, General Deluge.

Lieu. And do you complain of him often ?

Ser. No hang him, the lad is good-natured at bottom, so I pass over small things. But hark'ee, between ourselves, he is most confoundedly given to wenching.

Enter Corporal.

Cor. Please your honour, the Doctor is coming this way with his worship—We are all ready and have our cues.

Lieu. Then my dear Trounce, or my dear Serjeant, or my dear Serjeant Trounce, take yourself away.

Ser. Zounds ! the Lieutenant, I smell of the black hole already. [*Exit.*

Enter Justice *and* Doctor.

Jus. I thought I saw some of the cutthroats.

Doc. I fancy not, there's no one but honest Humphrey, ha! ods life, here comes some of them, we'll stay by these trees, and let them pass.

Jus. Oh, the bloody looking dogs. [*Walks aside.*

Enter Corporal *and two* Soldiers.

Cor. Halloa, friend, do you serve Justice Credulous?

Lieu. I do.

Cor. Are you rich?

Lieu. Noa.

Cor. Nor ever will with that old stingy booby, look her take it. [*Gives him a purse.*

Lieu. What must I do for this?

Cor. Mark me, our Lieutenant is in love with the old rogue's daughter, help us to break his worship's bones, and carry off the girl, and you are a made man.

Lieu. I'll see you hang'd first, you pack of skurry villains. [*Throws away the purse.*

Cor. What sirrah, do you mutiny, lay hold of him.

Lieu. Nay then, I'll try your armour for you. [*Beats them.*

All. Oh, oh, quarter quarter! [*Exit.*

Jos. Trim them, trounce them, break their bones, honest Humphrey. What a spirit he has!

Doc. Aquafortis.

Lieu. Betray your master!

Doc. What a miracle of fidelity!

Jus. Ay, and it shall not go unrewarded—I'll give him sixpence on the spot. Here honest Humphrey, there's for yourself, as for this bribe, [*takes up the purse.*] such trash is best in the hands of justice. Now then Doctor, I think I may trust him to guard the women, while he is with them I may go out with safety.

Doc. Doubtless you may, I'll answer for the Lieutenant's behaviour while honest Humphrey is with your daughter.

Jus. Ay, ay, she shall go no where without him.—Come along honest Humphrey. How rare it is to meet with such a servant. [*Exit.*

SCENE II,

A Garden. Lauretta *discovered.* *Enter* Justice *and* Lieutenant.

Jus. Why you little Truant, how durst you wander so far from the house without my leave, do you want to invite that scoundrel Lieutenant to scale the walls and carry you off?

Lau. Lud papa you are so apprehensive for nothing

Jus, Why hussey—

Lau. Well then, I can't bear to be shut up all day so like a nun. I am sure it is enough to make one wish to be run away with—and I wish I was run away with —I do—and I wish the Lieutenent knew it.

Jus. You do, do you hussy? well I think I'll take pretty good care of you. Here, Humphrey, I leave this lady in your care. Now you may walk about the garden Miss Pert, but Humphrey shall go with you wherever you go. No mind honest Humphrey, I am obliged to go abroad for a little while, let no one but yourself come near her, don't be shame-face'd you booby, but keep close to her. And now miss let your Lieutenant or any of his crew come near you if they can,

[*Exit.*

Lau. How this booby stares after him.

[*Sits down and sings.*

Lieu. Lauretta!

Lau. Not so free fellow. [*Sings.*

Lieu. Lauretta, look on me.

Lau No so free fellow!

Lieu. No recollection!

Lau. Honest Humphrey be quiet.

Lieu. Have you forget your faithful soldier?

Lau. Ah! O preserve me!

Lieu. 'Tis my soul your truest slave, passing on your father in this disguise

Lau. Well now I declare this is charming—you are so disguised my dear Lieutenant, and you do look so delightfully ugly. I am sure no one will find you out, ha, ha, ha! you know I am under your protection, papa charg'd you to keep close to me.

Lieu. True my angel, and thus let me fulfil—

Lou. O pray now dear Humphrey—

Lieu. Nay, 'tis but what old Mittimus commanded.

[*Offers to kiss her, Enter* Justice.

Jus. Laury my—hey! what the devil's here?

Lau. Well now, one kiss and be quiet.

Jus. Your very humble servant, honest Humphrey—don't me—Pray don't let me interrupt you!

Lau. Lad Papa—Now that's so good natured—indeed there's no harm—you did not mean any rudeness, did you Humphrey?

Lieu. No indeed miss, his worship knows it is not in me.

Jus. I know that you are a lying canting hypocritical scoundrel and if you don't take yourself out of my sight—

Lau. Indeed papa now I'll tell you how it was—I was sometime taken with a sudden giddiness, and Humphrey seeing me beginning to totter ran to my assistance quite frightened poor fellow and took me in his arms.

Jus. Oh! was that all, nothing but a little giddiness hey!

Lieu. That's all, indeed your worship, for seeing miss change colour I ran up instantly.

Jus. O 'twas very kind in you.

Lieu. And luckily recovered her.

Jus. And who made you a doctor, you impudent rascal, hey! get out of my sight I say this instant or by all the statutes—

Lau. O now papa you frighten me and I am giddy again—oh help!

Lieu. O dear lady she'll fall. [*Takes her into his arms*

Jus. Zounds! what before my face—why then thou miracle of impudence. [*lays hold of him and discovers him.*] Mercy on me who have we here, Murder—Robbery—Fire—Rape—Gun—powder—Soldiers—John—Susan—Bridget—

Lieu. Good sir, don't be alarmed, I mean you no harm.

Jus. Theives, Robbers, Soldiers.

Lieu. You know my love for your daughter.

Jus. Fire, Cutthroats.

Lieu. And that alone—

Jus. Treason, Gunpowder! [*Enter a Servant with a Blunderbuss.*] Now scoundrel, let her go this instant.

Lau. O papa, you'll kill me!

Jus. Honest Humphrey, be advised—Ay miss this way if you please.

Lieu. Nay sir, but hear me.

Jus. I'll shoot.

Lieu. And you'll be convinced.

Jus. I'll shoot.

Lieu. How injurious.

Jus. I'll shoot, and so your very Humble servant, Honest Humphrey Hum. [*Exit seperately.*

SCENE III.

A Walk. Enter Doctor Rosy.

Doc. Well I think my friend is now in a fair way of succeeding. Ah, I warrant he is full of hope and fear, doubt and anxiety; truly he has the fever of love strong upon him: faint, peevish, languishing all day with burning restless nights—Ah! just my case when I pined for my poor dear Dolly—When she used to have her daily cholics, that her little Doctor be sent for,—Then would I interpret the language of her pulse, declare my own sufferings in my receipt for her, send her a pearl neck-lace in a pill-box, or a cordial draught, with an acrostic on the label. Well those days are over, no happiness lasting, all is vanity, now sun-shine, now cloudy, we are as it were, king and beggar, then what avails—

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. O Doctor, ruin'd and undone.

Doc. The pride of beauty.

Lieu. I am discovered and——

Doc. The gaudy palace,

Lieu. The justic is——

Doc. The pompous wig.

Lieu. Is more enraged than ever.

Doc. The gilded cane.

Lieu. Why Doctor. (*slapping him on the shoulder.*)

Doc. Hey!

Lieu. Confound your morals, I tell you I am discoed, discomfited, diappointed.

Doc. Indeed! good lack, good lack, to think of the instability of human affairs—Nothing certain in this world—most deceived when most confident—fools of fortune all.

Liev. My dear Doctor, I want at present a little practical wisdom—I am resolv'd this instant to try the scheme, we were going to put in execution last week—I have the letter ready, and only want your assistance to recover my ground.

Doc. With all my heart—I'll warrant you I'll bear a part in it—but how the deuce were you discovered?

Lieu. I'll tell you as we go, there's not a moment to be lost,

Doc. Heaven send we succeed better, but there's no knowing.

Lieu. Very true.

Doc. We may, and we may not,

Lieu. Right,

Doc. Time must show,

Lieu. Certainly.

Doc. We are but blind guessers,

Liea. Nothing more,

Doc. Thick sighted mortals,

Lieu. Remarkably,

Doc. Wandering in error,

Lieu. Even so.

Doc. Futurity is dark.

Lieu. As a cellar.

Doc. Men are moles. [Lieut. *forcing him out.*

SCENE IV.

Justice's *House*. *Enter* Justice *and* Bridgett.

Jus. Odds Life Bridgett, you are enough to make one mad, I tell you he would have deceived a chief justice, the dog seem'd as ignorant as my clerk, and talk'd of honesty as if he had been a church Warden.

Bri. Po! Nonsense, honesty:—What had you to do pray with honesty:—A fine business you have made of it with your Humphrey Hum, and Miss too, she must have been privy to it.—Lauretta, ay, you would have her called so, but for my part I never knew any good some of giving girls these heathen christian names; if

you have called her Deborah, or Tabitha, or Ruth, or Rebecca, or Joan, nothing of this had ever happened; but I always knew Lauretta was a runaway name.

Jus. Psha, you're a fool.

Bri. No, Mr. Credilous, it is you who are a fool, and no one but such a simpleton would be so imposed on.

Jus. Why zounds! Madam, how durst you talk so, if you have no respect for your husband, I should think unus quorum might command a little defence.

Bri. Don't tell me—Unus fiddlestick, you ought to be asham'd to shew your face at the sessions, you'll be a laughing stock to the whole bench, and a byeword with all the pig-tail'd Lawyers, and bag-wig'd Attornies about town.

Jus. Is this language for his Majesty's Representative, by the statues, its high treason, and petty treason both at once.

Enter Servant.

Ser. A letter for your worship.

Jus. Who brought it?

Ser. A soldier.

Jus. Take it away and bury it.

Bri. Stay—Now you're in such a hurry—is is some canting scrawl from the Lieutenant, I suppose, let me see—Ay, 'tis sign'd O'Conner.

Jus. Well, come read it out.

Bri. "Revenge is sweet."

Jus. It begins so, does it? I'm glad of that, I'll let the dog know I'm of his opinion.

Bri. "And though disappointed of my designs upon "your daughter, I have still the satisfaction of know-"ing I'm revenged on her unnatural father, for this "morning, in your chocolate, I had the pleasure to ad-"minister to you a dose of poison."—Mercy on us!

Jus. No tricks, Bridgett, come you know it is not so you know it is a lie.

Bri. Read it yourself.

Jus. "Pleasure to administer a sose of poison"—— Oh horrible—Cutthroat villain—Bridgett.

Bri. Lovee, stay here's a postcript. N.B. 'Tis not in the power of medicine to save you.

Jus, Odds my life Bridgett, why don't you call

help? I've lost my voice—My brain is giddy—I shall burst and no assistance.—John—Laury—John,

Bri. You see lovee what you have brought on yourself.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your worship.

Jus. Stay, John, did you perceive any thing in my choco'ate cup this morning?

Ser. Nothing your worship unless it was a little grounds.

Jus. What colour were they?

Ser. Blackish, your worship.

Jus. Ay arsenac, black arsenac, Why don't you run for Doctor Rosy, you rascal?

Ser. Now sir.

Bri. O lovee, you may be sure it is in vain. let him run for the Lawyer to witness your will. my life,

Jus. Zounds! go for the Doctor, you scoundrel. You are all confederate murderers.

Ser. O, here he is your worship, [*Exit,*

Jus. Now Bridgett, hold your tongue, and let me see if my horrid situation be apparent,

Enter Doctor.

Doc. I have but just called to inform—hey! bless me, what's the matter with your worship?

Jus. There he sees it already—Poison in my face, in capitals. Yes, yes, I'm a sure job for the undertakers indeed,

Bri. Oh! Oh! alas Doctor,

Jus. Peace Bridgett. Why Doctor, my dear old friend, do you really see any change in me?

Doc. Change, Never was man so altered, how came these black spots on your nose?

Jus. Spots on my nose!

Doc. And that wild stare in your right eye,

Jus. In my right eye!

Doc. Aye, and alack, alack, how you are swelled!

Jus. Swelled!

Doc. Aye, don't you think he is, madam?

Bri. O, 'tis in vain to conceal it, indeed lovee, you are as big again as you were this morning.

Jus. Yes, I feel it now—I'm poison'd—Doctor hel

me for the love of justice—Give me life to see my murderer hang'd.

Dor. What!

Jus I'm poisen'd I say!

Doc. Speak out!

Jus. What! can't you hear me?

Doc. Your voice is so low and hollow as it were, I can't hear a word you say.

Jus. I'm gone then, hic jacet; many years one of his Majesty's justices.

Bri Read Doctor—Ah, lovee the will—Consider, my life, how soon you will be dead.

Jus No Bridgett, I shall die by inches.

Doc. I never heard such monstrous iniquity. Oh, you are gone indeed my friend, the mortgage of your little bit of clay is out and the sexton has nothing to do but to close. We must all go sooner ot later—— High and low—Death's a debt, his mandamus binds all alike..No bail, no demurrer.

Jus. Silence Doctor Croaker, will you cure me or will you not?

Doc. Alas my dear friend, it is not in my power, but I'll certainly see justice done on your murderer.

Jus I thank you my dear friend but I had rather see it myself.

Doc, Ay, but if you recover the villain will escape.

Bri. Will he then indeed it would be a pity you shou'd recover, I am so enraged against the villain, I can't bear the thought of his escaping the alter.

Jus. That's very kind in you, my dear, but if its the same thing to you, my dear I had as soon recover notwithstanding. What Doctor, no assistance!

Doc. I guess I can do nothing, but there's the German Quack whom you wanted to send from town, I met him at the next door, and I know he has antidotes for all poisons.

Jus. Fetch him, my dear friend, fetch him, I'll get him a diploma if he cures me.

Doc. Well, there's no time to be lost, you continue to swell immensely. [*Exit.*

Bri. What my dear, will you submit to be cured by

a Quack Nostrum monger, for my part as much as I love you, I had rather follow you to your grave, then see you owe your life to any but a regular bred physician

Jus. I'm sensible of your affection, dearest, and be assured nothing consoles me more in my melancoly situation, so much as the thoughts of leaving you behind me,

Enter Doctor *and* Lieutenant *disguised.*

Doc. Great luck, met him passing by the door,

Lieu. Metto dowsei pulsum.

Doc. He desires me to feel your pulse.

Jus. Can't he speak English?

Doc. Not a word.

Lieu. Palio vivem mortem soonem.

Doc. He says you have not six hours to live.

Jus. O mercy! does he know my distemper?

Doc. I believe not.

Jus. Tell him 'tis black arsnick they have given me.

Doc. Geneable illi arsnecca.

Lieu. Pisonatus.

Jus. What does he say?

Doc. He says you are poisoned.

Jus. We know that, but wha will be the effect?

Doc. Quid effectum?

Lieu. Diable tutellum.

Doc. He says you'll die presently.

Jus. Oh horrible! What no antedote?

Lieu. Curum benakere bono fullum.

Jus. What does he say I must row in a boat to Fulham.

Doc. He says he'll undertake to cure you for £3000.

Bri. £3000! 3000 halters, no lovee you shall never submit to such impositions, die at once and be a customer to none of them.

Jus I won't die Bridgett—I don't like death.

Bri. Psha, there is nothing in it, a moment and it is over.

Jus. Ay, but it leaves a numbness behind that lasts a plaguy long time.

Bri. O my dear, pray consider the will.

Enter Lauretta.

Lau. O my father, what is this I hear.

Lieu. Quiddam seomriam deos tollam rosam.

Doc. The doctor is astonished at the sight of your fair daughter.

Jus. How so?

Lieu. Damsellum liviverm suvum rislibani.

Doc. He says that he has lost his heart to her, and that if you will give him leave to pay his addresses to the young lady, and promise your consent to the union, if he should gain her affections, he will on those conditions cure you instantly, without fee or reward.

Jus. The devil! did he say all that in so few words what a fine language it is. Well I agree it he can prevail on the girl, and that I am sure he never will. [*aside,*

Doc. Great.

Lieu. Writhum bothum.

Doc. He says you must give this under your hand, while he writes you a miraculous receipt.

[*Both sit down to write.*

Lau. Do mama, tell me the meaning of this?

Bri. Don't speak to me girl—Unnatural parent—

Jus. There doctor, there's what he requires.

Doc. And here's your receipt, read it yourself,

Jus. Hey! what's here! plain English?

Doc. Read it out, a wondrous nostrum, I'll answer for it.

Jus. "In reading this you are cured, by your affectionate son-in-law, O' Connor." Who in the name of Belzebub sirrah, who are you?

Lieu. Your affectionate son-in-law O' Conuor, and your very humble servant, Humphrey Hum.

Jus. 'Tis false you dog, you are not my son-in-law, for I'll be poison'd again, and you shall be hang'd—I'll die sirrah, and leave Bridget my estate.

Bri. Ay, pray do my dear, leave me your estate, I'm sure he deserves to be hang'd.

Jus. He does you say—hark'ee Bridget, you shew'd such a tender concern for me when you thought me poison'd, that for the future I am resolved never to take your advice again in any thing. So, do you hear sir, you are an Irishman and a soldier, an't you?

Lieu I am sir, and proud of both.

Jus. The two things on earth I most hate, so I'll tell you what, renounce your country and sell your commission, and I'll forgive you.

Lieu. Hark'e Mr. Justice, If you were not the father of my Lauretta, I would pull your nose for asking the first, and break your bones for desiring the second

Doc. Aye, aye, you're right—

Jus. Is he, then I'm sure I must be wong—Here sir I give my daughter to you, who are the most impudent dog I ever saw in my life.

Lieu. O sir, say what you please, with such a gift as Laurette, every word is a compliment.

Bri. Well my lovee, I think this will be a good subject for us to quarrel about the rest of our lives.

Jus. Why, truly, my dear, I think so, tho' we are seldom at a loss for that.

Doc. This is all as it should be; My Alexander, I give you joy, and you my little god-daughter; and now my sincere wish is, that you may make just such a wife as my poor dear Dolly.

FINIS.